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OUR WORK:

A

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EDITED BY

MRS. DRUE PURVIANCE WATSON.

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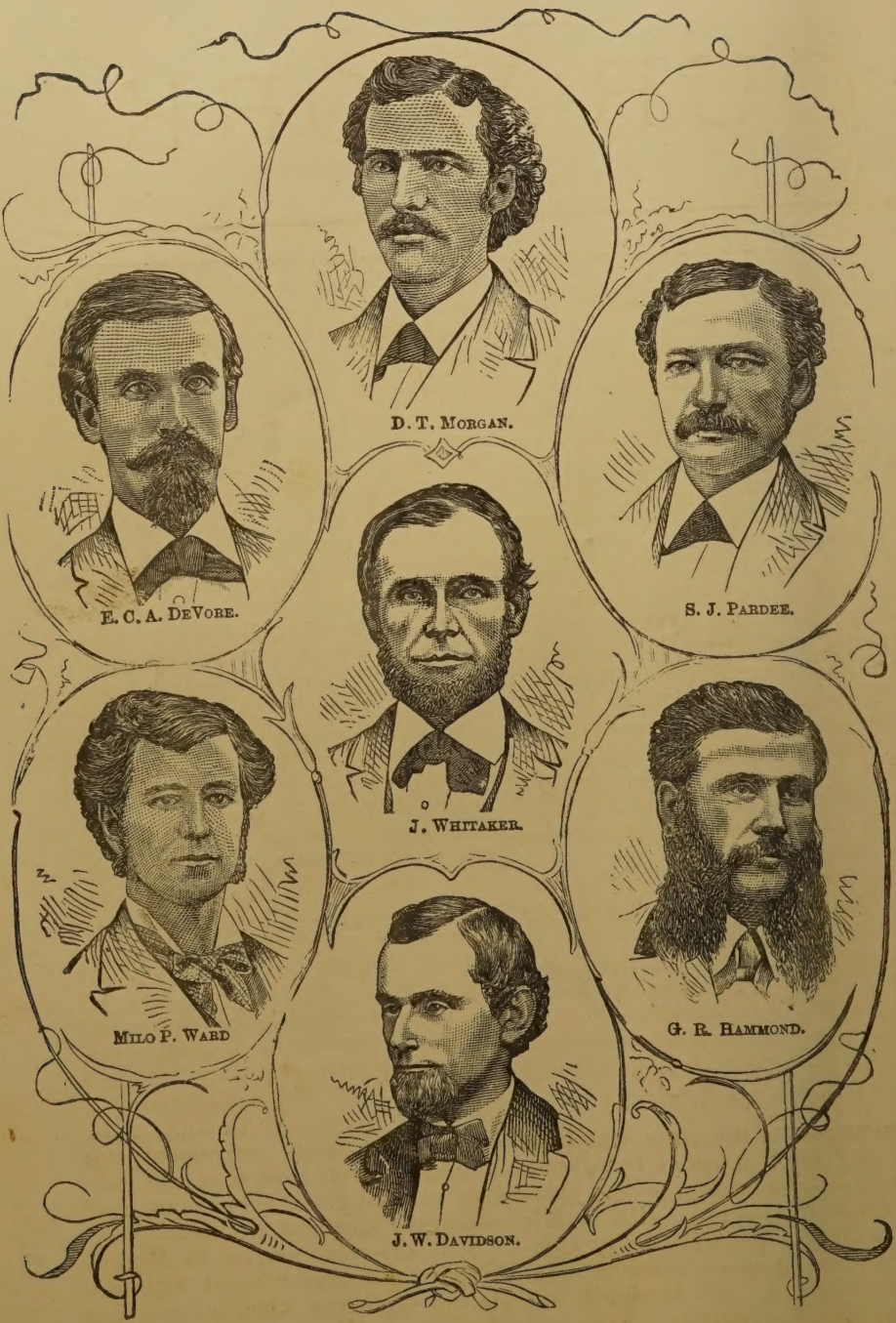
D. T. Morgan.
E. C. A. DeVore.
S. J. Pardee.
J. Whitaker.
Milo P. Ward
G. R. Hammond.
J. W. Davidson.

CLASS OF '76.

OUR WORK.

VOL. I. JULY, 1876. NO. 3.

CLASS OF '76.

BY PROF. L. F. WATSON.

Every year Union Christian College, like the anxious eagle, "stireth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, and beareth them on her wings." At no time before has U. C. College shaken from her nest such a large and promising brood as the hatching of '76. With some of the eagles, however, flying has ceased to be an experiment, for breaking away from the nest before full-fledged, the terrible alternative to *fly* or *die* has led them to a remarkable exertion that brought with it a hardy development; but a few weeks of pluming in the old nest was needed to fit them for the flight of life. Now they are gone—gone from the old nest forever.

With commendable pride the College has sent these graduates into the world, believing they will do honor to themselves and their *alma mater*. With true pleasure do we take our pen and *commence* what we trust abler historians will *complete—the history of honest and faithful men.*

Elcharles Arthur DeVore,

the youngest of the class, was born in Ripley, O., October 24, 1855, making him, at graduation, twenty years and seven months old. His name is the result of a general family compromise, being names for *three* illustrious relatives. His boyhood was characterized by much sickness, and even now he is not very robust, yet he has lost no time at college on account of sickness, and if he continues to exercise his present care over his health we see no reason why he should not live to a ripe old age. He started to district school when seven years of age; at the age of twelve he entered the Ripley High School, and at the close of the year had finished the common branches, high arithmetic, etc., and commenced the study of algebra and latin the year following. At fifteen he obtained, with considerable honor to himself, a teacher's certificate to teach school. In the spring of 1871 he entered the junior preparatory class of Union Christian College, and graduated with all honor in the scientific course, June 6, 1875. His next nine months were spent at home in study, pursuing with great relish the study of French and German under a native Frenchman. During the sickness of the principal of the Ripley High School (colored department) Mr. DeVore very acceptably filled his place. At the opening of the spring term of the present year Mr. DeVore joined the senior class of the classical course and completed the work of that course in full. He is the youngest son of a successful business man, who in his present retirement, has no greater pride than to see his children become good, industrious, and intelligent men and women.

Soon after his arrival in Merom Arthur connected himself with the Merom Christian Church, and his place at Church-meeting has seldom been vacant during his stay in

Merom. He early identified himself with the Linconia Literary Society, and has since been one of its most earnest and faithful members; he was one of the few who sustained it in its "dark days." He is of medium height, has light complexion, dark eyes, and auburn hair; the engraving tells the rest. He appreciates his position in society; is always alive to calls to duty and justice. Not a headstrong man, nor extremely energetic, but resolute and positive. He intends to make the world serve him, and has "conscientious scruples" against being in a hurry. His choice of profession is divided between teaching and preaching, and will *succeed* in either or both.

At the organization of the class last spring Mr. DeVore was chosen its President, and was selected to deliver the "History" on class-day. The quotations in this article are taken from that exercise. The subject of his graduating thesis was, "The Enemy of Our Common School," and was a strong argument against Catholicism.

Milo Presley Ward,

was born on a farm in Pulaski County, Indiana, about six miles southeast of Winamac, on March 24, 1855. When Milo was thirteen years of age his father, Samuel Ward, moved to Merom, making many sacrifices in order that Milo and his other children might enjoy the advantages of U. C. College. He entered the academic department of the College in the fall of 1870, and completed his academic studies that year. In September, 1871, he entered the Freshman Class, scientific course, but was prevented from completing the course in the usual four years, on account of sickness. During the spring term, at the request of the writer of this article, Mr. Ward was called upon to teach the geometry class of the Senior Preparatory Year; this he did to the entire satisfaction of the class and the honor of the institution.

In the winter of 1875, when there was so much suffering in Kansas Mr. Ward was the first to solicit aid in behalf of the sufferers, and as the *prime mover* of the establishing of the Kansas Aid Society, in Merom great credit is deserving him.

"Milo is a good speaker, of the senatorial style, and is very ambitious. His would have been a good oration to-morrow, but three weeks of severe sickness threatened his life and spoiled his hope." On Commencement day he was scarcely able to be present, although recovering very rapidly. He was assisted to his place on the rostrum by his brother members of the class. So pleased and thankful were the people at his recovery that his appearance at the exercises was greeted by a long and hearty applause from the entire audience, and when he, in a weak voice, had finished reading his Valedictory there was not a dry eye in the house.

As a student he has few superiors—remarkably quick and accurate, excelling especially in mathematics. He assisted in the organization of the Franklin Literary Society, and has ever been one of its staunchest supporters. He joined the Merom Christian Church in the winter of 1870, and is still a member. He is a fine-looking, well-proportioned, strong, active, young man. He is of dark complexion, with dark eyes and hair, has a clear, round voice, and is considered by all the best orator of the class. He is modest, tenacious and ambitious, and has the qualities to make a most excellent lawyer, which is his chosen profession. He takes an active part in elections, and, like each member

the class, is a staunch Republican.

Dick Thompson Morgan

was born near Prairie Creek, Ind., just twenty-two years and six months before he graduated. He was named for Colonel Dick Thompson, the great Republican war-horse of the West. Dick was early taught to work, being reared on a large farm. Between five and seventeen he attended school a few months in a year. At the age of seventeen he entered the High School at Prairie Creek, where he remained nearly two years, coming to Merom in the fall of 1872. We remember him as one who was not ashamed to commence at the "bottom of the ladder." His rise has been rapid and sure. No student has probably profited more by the advantages of the College—beginning as the most illiterate, he graduates the most careful and easy writer of the class. During his first year at College he was classed with the "Irregulars," but the next year he became regular Sophomore of the Scientific Course. He assisted in the organization of the Franklin Society, and left the Linconia Society for that purpose; has always worked for the best interests of the Franklin, and to him is largely due its present prosperity. The society will always hold him in most grateful remembrance for his sacrificing labors in its behalf. Dick has also found time to attend prayer-meeting, and has been, from its birth here, an active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association. Last summer he took an extended tour to Toledo, Ohio, Buffalo, New York, Niagara Falls, Canada, etc., and his letters to the press were exceedingly good. Dick's great *forte* is newspaper correspondence. He is vivacious, sublime and interesting, throwing in just those items of personal history, gossip, experience and news that the reader delights in perusing. His "*Scripti Ex Merome*" column in the Sullivan *Democrat* has greatly increased its circulation, and made the writer locally famous. As a singer and poet he is becoming quite noted. He has a lively poetical imagination, abounding in comparisons. His style is florid. He has a good physique, relishes good food, and is especially agreeable. His whole nature is strongly infused with a high sense of the refined and the beautiful. His ideality and sublimity are very large. Law was his choice of profession; now journalism attracts him. He was selected by the class as its secretary, and appointed to read the poem on class day. We hope the editor of OUR WORK, will secure this poem, "Ship of State," for publication. "Torch Bearers," on Commencement Day was one of the best exercises of the hour.

Sheldon John Pardee.

Mr. Pardee was born at Norvell, Michigan, January 24, 1849. He is the oldest son of the oldest son of his grandsire. His mother's father was in the Revolutionary War. He started to school at six; at ten he commenced working on his father's farm, and has ever since "dug for himself." He only had the pleasure of attending school two terms between the ages of twelve and fifteen; during the latter year he attended the Berrien Union School five months. Commenced teaching at the age of seventeen, and has taught six years with excellent results. In 1872 he graduated at the Michigan State Normal, Ypsilanti; came to Merom to teach in the fall of 1872, and taught here for two years, and would have been continued longer if the finances of the College had permitted. While engaged as teacher in the College all his spare time was devoted to study. It was frequently

remarked that "Prof. Pardee studies harder than any of the students."

The next year he was engaged, with a good salary, as superintendent of the Banks Schools of Bay City, Michigan, having under him five teachers and four hundred and fifty pupils. In 1872 he was the youngest member in the Michigan Liberal Republican Convention, held at Grand Rapids. In the spring of 1876 he came back to Merom, and joined the Senior Class, Scientific Course. He took upon himself work that would have appalled *stout hearts*, but Mr. Pardee, with a continuous application and a determined purpose, mastered the work assigned to him with unusual high grades. No obstacle to him seems insurmountable, and no task too difficult to be mastered. He is not satisfied with anything but thorough work.

He joined the Linconia Society during his first term at Merom, but left it to assist in organizing the Franklin, in which he has labored ever since. He joined the Merom Christian Church on February 1, 1873, and is still an active member. To him was assigned "Oliver Cromwell," as the subject of his graduating thesis, and to the subject he brought that study and research which has characterized all his previous efforts, and by picture following picture he succeeded in making a "dry subject" interesting.

Mr. Pardee is of medium size, of rather strong build, has dark complexion, gray eyes, and brown hair; is considered a good speaker, but succeeds best as a writer. His style is simple and neat, and his diction pure. His article, "Oliver Goldsmith," first read in the rhetorical class, afterwards published in this magazine, has won for it praise from competent judges from all parts of the land. Teaching is his chosen occupation.

Gilbert Romine Hammond was born December 11, 1849, at Hunter's Land, Schoharie County, New York; hence at graduation was twenty-seven years and six months old, being one month and thirteen days older than Mr. Pardee. His father, a shoemaker, died when Gilbert was ten years old; deprived of a father's help, his advantages for acquiring an education were small—he worked out in summer and attended school a few months in the winter. At the age of sixteen he went, with a few extra clothes, to Cohoes, New York, to seek his fortune in the machine shops there; wandered around among them, was not agreeably impressed, opened not his mouth, got aboard an early train and went home, thinking he "did not have a call in that direction."

In the fall of 1866 he entered Starkey Seminary, located at Eddytown, New York; staid two terms. In 1867 he again spent two terms at "Starkey." The following summer was spent in travelling, visiting points of interest as far west as Wisconsin, returning to New York State in the fall. The following winter he taught his first school near home at Huntersland. Spent one term at Starkey Seminary in the spring, and then travelled in the summer for the Christian Biblical Institute, now located at Stanfordville, New York. One more term is spent in the fall at Starkey, and then our wanderer is on his way to Chicago. After teaching four terms of school in Illinois, he entered Union Christian College in the spring of 1871, joining the senior preparatory class, classical course. Besides doing well the work of this class, he taught two classes in the Academic Department, with entire satisfaction to all. The summer was spent in Merom in hard study. To the opening of the fall term of c-

lege Mr. Hammond entered as a student, but did not attend recitations, having been secured as principal of the Merom Public School, which place he occupied for six months, and yet still retained his place in class at college. Just after entering college, the spring term, he was called home suddenly on business, but returned in the fall following, bringing his young brother with him to enter school. Was again elected principal of the Merom Public School, which position he again filled for six months, still retaining his standing in his class. The spring term saw him, after a long time, again enrolled as a regular student of Union Christian College. His next two years were spent in teaching at Starkey Seminary, where he was elected professor of the natural sciences and higher mathematics, which position he resigned, and joined, at the opening of the college year, 1875, the senior class, classical course, Union Christian College. After spending but five weeks here, we again find our wanderer on his way to New York to teach. "Visited old friends at Starkey, and fell sick. By the time he was fully recovered, Miss Dollie Simonds, an accomplished lady, was bereaved of her mother. Being fatherless, motherless, sisterless, and brotherless, Hammond became all-in-all to her." Mr. Hammond, with his wife, returned to Merom in the spring and completed his course (classisal) with all honor to himself and the college. As a student Professor Hammond is earnest, careful, diligent, and thorough. His continuity is large notwithstanding his roving life, which has been the result of necessity rather than of choice. Combativeness and secretiveness are quite large, as also, are firmness, veneration, memory, self-esteem, and casuality. Order is very large, and his time is well arranged. When a student he was never known to complain for a want of time. He had a time for everything needful, and everything needful in its time. His mind is made up quickly, and seldom changed. Believing himself to be right he will go ahead regardless of consequence—positive, fearless, outspoken and resolute. We have no fear but that he will make life a success. He has been an active church member from boyhood—at present a member of the Eddytown Christian Church. Has preached a number of excellent sermons, and most of his friends desire him to engage more fully in the work of the Lord. He will listen, however, to the Lord's calling, rather than man's. He joined the Linconia Society in 1871, and has been, of course, one of its active members. His class-day exercise—"memorials" spoken on the class rock in front of the college, was a scholarly oration, full of truth and feeling. "What next?" came next day in the commencement exercises and was greatly praised. In stature Mr. Hammond is quite small, with blue eyes, light complexion, and black hair.

John W. Davidson

was born October 1, 1846, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and was educated in the public schools of that city. He began teaching (which is still his chosen profession) in the district schools of southern Indiana, at seventeen years of age. He served two years as a private soldier in the Union army during the rebellion, and was captured and suffered very much abuse as did many of the Union prisoners. Mr. Davidson has been called to superintend several graded schools. He was principal of Boonville High School four years, and is now school superin-

tendent of Vanderburgh County, with his office in the city of Evansville, where he is highly respected. In 1865 he joined the M. E. Church, to which he still belongs. He was married in 1866 to Maria L. Allen, and has two children. In 1873 he was examined by the State Board of Education of Indiana, and, quoting the language of the board, "by reason of eminent scholarship and superior professional ability," was awarded a first-class state license. By his superior qualifications Mr. Davidson was admitted to the senior class, scientific course, April, 1876. On class day he gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Japan." His oration, the next day, on "How shall we use it?" was a plain, practical exposition of the duties of life. He is a man of few words and much wisdom, of small stature, has light complexion, light eyes and hair. Of a humble and retiring disposition, he will have honors *thrust* upon him rather than to *seek* them. "An honored son of a beloved *alma mater*." A man of sterling worth and strict integrity.

John Whitaker,

the oldest member of the class, was born nearly thirty-four years ago in Fairfield County, Ohio. When John was but three years old, the family moved to the (then) territory of Iowa, in Van Buren County. Here he lived until he was sixteen years of age, and never was out of the county. The winter of '58 and '59 was spent on the banks of the Missouri River, near Glasgow, Missouri. In the spring they located in Hickory County, in which county Mr. Whitaker still resides. Being the oldest son of a pioneer, his educational advantages were very meager, amounting to only a few months schooling, until he was over twenty one years of age. The greater part of the work of clearing up the new farm devolved upon John, and winter days and wintry nights were eagerly welcomed by him not only because he needed rest, but more because he saw in them a time to study and improve. During these winter nights it could not be said of him he "burnt the midnight oil," but it can be said, truthfully, that he sat up often till past midnight burning kindling-wood for light. In 1861, he was trying to earn and save enough to pay his way for a few months' schooling at Union Christian College; but the civil war breaking out that year not only thwarted those fondly-cherished hopes (for his services were needed for his country), but completely annihilated them, for the rebels confiscated all of his property, not leaving him a cent. He joined the army that year, and was discharged in 1864 with his health greatly impaired, from which he will never entirely recover. During the first winter in the army, his regiment was not provided with tents and blankets, and hence the soldiers were exposed to all the winter rains so common in that climate. Soon after his discharge, he entered Union Christian College as an academic student. Here he spent happy days. How his mind feasted on his books! How eagerly he drank at the fountains of knowledge! Scarcely had he commenced to appease his thirst for learning when he heard his country's call for help, even louder than before. On the 6th of October he again enlisted, this time in an artillery regiment, and remained until after the close of the war. From the army he went to Missouri, intending to return to Merom in a short time. This time he heard the 'Master's call and could not refuse. All that country was almost entirely without preaching, and Mr. Wh-

aker engaged heartily in the work. God greatly blessed his efforts to the salvation of many souls and the organization of numerous churches. He stood there like a faithful soldier, until he was relieved, which was not until March, 1871, when he again returned to Merom, bringing his family with him. After spending two years here in studying and preaching, he moved again to Missouri, with greatly impaired health.

Mr. Whitaker united with the Bethany Christian Church in Iowa when eleven years old, and was baptized in the Wabash River at Merom, by Dr. Summerbell, in 1864. He preached his first sermon in the spring of 1864, in Illinois, not far from the present sight of Lamotte Prairie Church, which he assisted in organizing in 1872. In June, 1876, he again returned to Merom to graduate in the scientific course. His thesis, "Know thyself," was full of instruction, and well became the Christian gentleman who gave it.

At different times he has had, unsolicited, political honors thrust upon him. When scarcely twenty-four years old, he was elected representative to the Missouri Legislature with only *one* opposing vote, and that was cast in his opponent's precint. Mr. Whitaker tried to shun the nomination, and absented himself from the polls on election day. His re-election would have been unanimous, if he had not positively declined the nomination. He was, however, that year (1868) elected to the superintendency of the public schools of Hickory County. Three years ago he founded the Weaubleau Christian Institute, which has a permanent place in the hearts and prayers of the people of south-west Missouri. The school is well supported, as it deserves to be. Its "Personals and Locals" are given each month in the columns of OUR WORK. With Mr. Whitaker at its head it can not fail to be a power for good in the land.

With reluctance, do we lay down the pen; it is done, however, with a fervent, "GOD BLESS THE CLASS OF '76!"

A FROG BAROMETER.

A police station in St. Louis has a trustworthy weather prophet. It is a frog of the genus *Hyla*, generally known as the tree-toad. The reptile was induced to act as a barometer by a policeman, an old frontiersman:

He took a glass jar, and threw into it some stones and a couple of inches of water. Then he whittled out a little wooden ladder, and put it in the jar. After some lively scrambling a tree-toad was caught, chucked in, and a tin top screwed on. The weather indicator was complete. When it is going to be fair weather the toad roosts on the top round of the ladder, solemnly blinking the hours away.

From twelve to fifteen hours before a change to bad weather, the "General," as they call him, begins to climb down, and hours before a storm sets in, he squats himself on a stone, and, with his head just above the surface of the water, peers aloft at the coming storm. Let the weather be changeable and "shifting," as "Old Probs" says, and the toad goes up and down the ladder like a scared middy.

When it is fair, and the toad roosts aloft, his skin is of a light, grayish green. When the change comes, the skin turns black as the toad goes down the ladder, becoming a jet shining black by the time it reaches the bottom. The fame of the toad has spread through the Lafayette Park neighborhood.

[For "Our Work."]

CANS'T THOU DENY THY GOD?

BY MRS. MARY E. FISH.

Can'st thou, Oh man! deny
A God, who rules supreme
O'er all the universe?
What think'st thou! 'tis a dream?
That great Omnipotent!
Suspending from on high,
Vast multitudes of worlds
From yon expanded sky!

Who bids the golden sun
Yield warmth and life, each day;
And scatter cheering beams
Across thy darkened way!
Who in her beauty, crowned
The pale-faced queen of night,
And from her regal brow
Sends forth such floods of light!

Who wafts the cooling breeze
To fan thy fevered brow!
That God! whom you deny—
From him thy blessings flow.
When dark clouds spread the skies,
Silence the thunder's crash!
Stretch forth thy puny hand
And grasp the lightning's flash!

Go, stop the lava's flow
From Heckla's burning hight—
Arrest the fiery tide,
Nor let it thee affright!
Go to the sepulcher—
With slow and solemn tread,
Roll back the heavy stone,
And rouse the silent dead!

Go to old ocean's shore,
Stand on its rock-bound coast;
Watch the terrific storm—
Then, of thy powers boast;
Walk o'er its lashing waves,
And with a loud voice cry,
Peace! Peace! if it obeys,
Thou can'st thy God deny.

If thy weak arm has power
The elements to chain!
Then, that there is no God,
Thou can'st to man proclaim.
But power so great as this,
To mortals is not given;
God rules the universe!
And reigns supreme in heaven!

SHORT ROADS.

The hill of science is before you; but its heights are not scaled without labor. Beware of short roads to high altitudes. The "farthest road round" is often the safest way home. The pulley, screw, and lever gain in power as much as they lose in time. "Make haste slowly" leads to honor, fame, and fortune. The man who got religion in a minute lost it in a month; and though it cost nothing it was not worth the expense. Spring berries are soon gone, summer fruits are bitter, but summer fruits are sweet in the coming summer. The lion is seven years maturing, but lives to seventy; and the slow-growing cedars survive centuries. There is no short road to knowledge. The lad that leaped over the common school into the commercial, had to go back around nearly every day of his life for what he had left. The minister who leaped over the college to the theological school, left behind him the most useful lessons, and spent a lifetime studying backwards. The beginning of the book is the best for beginners. The very pains of success are pleasant, and the times of preparation profitable. We live in pursuit as well as possession, and Eden often ends where the fruit is eaten. No days of our life are so much to be desired as our days of study. Happy he who lengthens his college course. A half-educated man is like a cripple running a race; another ever gets to the goal before him. God gives us twenty years of youth; one third of our life to prepare to live. Seek not to shorten the preparation.

Hail to the student!
May his days ever be
Devoted to truth and to virtue and Thee.
May his way be the same
That the sages have trod;
Exploring new fields now known only to God.

N. SUMMERBELL.

FLORIDA AS IT IS.

BY C. M. HIGGINS.

The present of Florida, compared with the past of Florida, causes a feeling of pride and satisfaction in the bosom of him who has observed her course since the Spaniards first set foot upon her soil. No other State has had her past; no other State has her present, and no other State will have her future. Nature has so placed her that she can imitate no State, nor can she be imitated by any State. She is one of the United States all by herself. Florida is indisputably the Garden of Eden of America. Situated as she is with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, and just bordering upon the Tropics, she is destined to be the winter-resort for millions of invalids and tourists from all parts of the world. The Florida of the past was the abode of Indians, wild animals and malaria. The present, the remodelling of the State by thousands of those who remodelled the entire South some fifteen years ago. The future opens before her with the brightest halo ever shown to any State.

Oranges are not her chief glory, neither are her cotton nor cane lands. Her chief attraction is the power to restore health to the invalid who, for ages past, has been traversing the world over in search of that place where his life might be prolonged just a little longer. "You have malaria," says one. Certainly we have, and if one lives in the swamps, I have no doubt that he would die sooner than he would at home in the North. Intermittent fevers, many would suppose, were very dangerous here on account of the swampy lands. Let us draw a comparison between Florida and

California, which is supposed to be perfect in everything. In intermittent fevers California shows an average of one death in two hundred and twenty-two cases, but Florida shows only one in two hundred and eighty-seven. It is undoubtedly the rank vegetation which helps to keep Florida from being unhealthy. There is said to be but one town in the world healthier than Jacksonville, Florida, and that is a town on the Isle of Wight, which has facilities for pure water and drainage, superior to any other town in the world.

As regards health, Florida undoubtedly rivals the most favored spots of Europe, and stands unrivaled in America. Yellow fever, that dread scourge of warm climates, has never been known in East Florida but once, and that was about twelve years ago, when it got into Jacksonville. Cholera has never been known in East Florida. This is owing to the universal use of soft water for all purposes, there being no hard water to be found.

Fever and ague are the worst ailings in Florida, and nine-tenths, and I might almost say ten-tenths, of these cases result from pure carelessness. There is scarcely a case to be heard of during the winter months, but when the rainy season begins—about the middle of June—the native Floridians and the careless Northerners begin to use quinine to stop the ague. The mornings, during the rainy season, are very warm; the mid-day, for a couple of hours, is occupied by the daily rains; the afternoons are also very warm, while the evenings are cool and pleasant; and just here is where one is so likely to abuse his health. One feels a little chilly in the evening, but he thinks it hardly worth while to put a coat on until a few times acting this way makes him begin to Oh! and Ah! and he is ready for quinine. A grain of precaution is worth a whole ounce of quinine.

Italy and the Azore Islands are the two great resorts for invalids in Europe, but Florida far surpasses them both, as I was told this winter by a gentleman who had been over nearly the whole world in search of a climate that would ease his sufferings from bronchitis. Italy being traversed by the Appenines Mountains is too much subject to sudden changes of temperature, while she suffers from the poisonous sirocco from Africa at times during the summer. The climate of the Azore Islands is too severe for the delicate consumptive. The same is true of St. Augustine. But here in Florida we have our choice of all kinds of semi-tropical climates from the interior away from the strong salt air, which extremely delicate persons suffer from, to the coast where all invalids should go, after becoming accustomed to the climate of the interior. Florida from her peninsular formation has often been called the "Italy of America," but we can rightly call her the Florida of the world, for there is no place equal to her in what she professes to be proficient. The points in which Florida claims to be ahead of all others are her position as a resort for the invalid and tourist; her rapidly growing orange and lemon groves; her extensive cotton and cane lands; her adaptability to grow everything known to the tropics, and her wild and curious scenery. Why Florida is so healthy is on account of the sandy soil allowing everything unhealthy to drain away; her equable temperature and the absence of mountain ranges, thus allowing the State to be swept of its malaria by every wind whether from the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico.

Her orange product five years ago was comparatively nothing. This last year it was 25,000,000 oranges valued at $375,000. It is estimated that at her present rate of increase, at the end of the next five years, her orange product will be 150,000,000 valued at $2,250,000, or about one-seventh of the product of Palermo, Sicily. That is something for those to think of who say that oranges will be a drug in the market in a few years. It is also said of cotton and sugar that Florida can supply the entire United States. Her sugar crop is fifty per cent. larger per acre than that of Louisiana, and her sugar lands are also much larger than those of Louisiana.

Can you wonder at my enthusiasm? I have written what every intelligent person in Florida says is true; and with such a future ahead, and such a happy present around me, why should I not feel proud of my adopted State? Florida has been kept back and oppressed by what no other State has, and to-day stands with arms outstretched to the North appealing for that energy and for that class of citizens that transform the whole face of the country in a day; and her appeal has been heard, and is being heeded by thousands of old and young, rich and poor, sick and healthy, who have been pouring in for the last five years in such a stream as to outnumber her native voting population in 1875. Florida is being rapidly transformed into a Northern State which alone will have great influence upon the bordering States. Florida has her past in history; her present fills one with pride; her future I will endeavor to predict in my next letter—*Florida as it will be.*

Welaka, Florida.

Wise men profit more by fools than fools do by wise men.

DULL BOYS.

BY REV. J. MAPLE.

A few years ago, while traveling through the West, I landed in the city of Richmond, Indiana, and having to spend some hours there waiting for the cars to carry me to my destination, I improved the time wandering about the city, looking at the many objects of interest. While sauntering along one of the streets, I met a fine-looking gentleman, and his noble bearing arrested my attention. As we met, he paused, reaching out his hand he remarked, "Elder Maple, I believe?" I answered in the affirmative; but I could not place him. Noticing that I did not recognize him, he smilingly said, "My name is ——." I remembered him as the laughing-stock of the school and neighborhood where he was born and grew up to manhood; but I had not met him in many years, and, indeed, had lost sight of him entirely. I had forgotten that such a man ever lived, but now he stood before me a noble, intelligent man of business. On inquiry, I found that he was engaged in a large and profitable business in one of the great cities of the West, and he is a man of varied culture. His youth gave no promise of what he has achieved, and his best friends thought that he never would amount to anything. This led me to look over the history of the successful men of the past, and I found that many of them were accounted dunces in their youth.

Some eminent men were distinguished for their early attainments. Edward Everett, at thirteen, entered Harvard, and so did Fisher Ames. At seven years of age, Bishop Heber translated Phœdrus into English. At nine, Anna Seward repeated from memory the first three books of

"Paradise Lost;" and Lord Brougham wrote ably on profound philosophical subjects. The distinguished George D. Prentice displayed in early life talents of no common order. He excited the admiration of all who knew him by the marvelous facility with which he acquired the most difficult and complicated branches of knowledge. He was able to read fluently when only four years old. He was a fine Greek and Latin scholar; and at the age of fifteen could translate and parse sentences in Homer or Virgil.

On the other hand, some of the noblest spirits the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are as enduring as time—were regarded as dunces in their youth. Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when at the University of Edinburgh he went by the name of the "Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and plodded on in methodical study of the classics. The knowledge of these subjects that interested him lay with great weight on his mind, and when he began to use it, and give to the world his fascinating works, society gave him another name somewhat different from what Edinburg gave him—it was "The Great Magician." The polished and charming Sheridan found it very hard to acquire the rudiments of learning. His mother felt it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Dr. Adam Clark was three months learning the first lesson in the Latin grammar, and his father pronounced him "a grievous dunce." Dr. Chalmer was pronounced by his teacher "an incorrigible" one. This is all that has saved that teacher from oblivion. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding that he could not teach him anything satisfactorily, settled it that the boy was "a fool." Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no one could appear more stupid, was the ridicule of the school. It was only by wonderful patience and perseverance that his teacher succeeded in teaching him the alphabet—a success of which she boasted when he became famous as a writer. His mother grieved over his stupidity, and tried to quicken his wit with sharp words. Even when he had published the "Traveler," an eminent critic said to a friend: "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem, and that, let me tell you, is believing a great deal." Hutton, the great antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Muat, and he thus gives his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair; but he could never beat any learning into it."

Teachers are apt to become impatient with scholars who are slow to learn, and conclude that they will never accomplish anything. Such prejudices should never discourage a student who tries to do well, for industry and perseverance will accomplish wonders. An Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student this severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott. If a dull scholar feels an inspiration in him, let him *set his face as a flint toward his object*, and he will succeed. Let him be patient, hopeful, self-reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophecies, and the reward is sure to come. One of the greatest preachers in America, in his early ministry, found it almost impossible to speak without his manuscript. He would become bewildered and break down in a few moments; but he felt

that if he would be useful as a minister, he must overcome this difficulty, and he determined to do it. One Sabbath he made an effort to speak without his manuscript. It was a trying time for him, for there was present a large congregation, and among the throng were some of the first men in the State. He stammered along for a few minutes; but before he was half through his sermon he broke down and had to close the meeting abruptly. He felt terribly over it, and his wife wept for shame. On their way home she said to him, "Stephen, you will take my advice, now, won't you, and never try to preach without your manuscript again? I should think that such a disastrous failure would teach you the folly of ever trying it again." With a flashing eye, and nervous energy, he answered: "By the assisting grace of God, I will never give up the struggle. I can, and will succeed." After years of painful effort he did master all the obstables in his way; and to-day he stands in the front rank of the most powerful orators in our country. I have seen listening thousands hang entranced on his eloquent words, and moved to tears by his touching appeals. Hard work will accomplish wonders, and every earnest student should turn a deaf ear to all evil prognostications and push on. Success will come sooner or later. The history of the past is full of encouragement to those who are slow to learn.

(Concluded from page 50.)

"LITTLE JOE."

BY JENNIE WOODVILLE.

The next time Joe came to be set up, he gave Mr. Wise a knowing wink, and said mysteriously: "Don't you go buyin' no bres'pin to wa'ar to de weddin', Mas' Tom."

"Why not, Joe"

"Cos ain't no use in two bres'pins, an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat weddin' come off."

Mr. Wise laughed, but he had no premonition that Joe had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when on the evening of the marriage Joe entered his dressing-room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Tom was fully as much surprised as Joe had anticipated, and affected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone, he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt-bosom, and thanked Little Joe for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. Wise was to stand with a friend of his sister's, who was a guest in the house, and, as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other, they had agreed to meet in the parlor an hour prior to that appoint'd for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet *tete-a-tete* before the assembling of the guests. Having finished his toilet, he accordingly went down, and was soon joined by the lady.

They promedaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes rested curiously on the pin, but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irrepressible, when she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence to inquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight, and long mirrors reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the per-

fume of flowers, and told her about Little Joe—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. Wise rather morbid in his philanthropy when he could wear that brass moon before five hundred people, only to please a little deformed negro.

"Perhaps you do not understand," said Tom, gently, "that I have given Tom permission to witness the ceremony (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her), and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he has worked for, and gone in debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be any one here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to mortify and disappoint him?"

"It will make us both ridiculous," said she, haughtily.

Tom quietly unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Annan's prospect of becoming Mrs. Wise, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be," said he, with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter; but as soon as he could leave her he sought his sister, and requested that the honor of standing with Miss Annan might be conferred on Mr. Marshall, and himself allowed to take Mr. Marshall's partner—she being a little girl on whose pluck and good nature he could rely. His sister had no time to enter into particulars, but made the desired change, and Mr. Wise said to Miss Annan, "I could not sacrifice Joe. I could not sacrifice you, so I have sacrificed myself, and am a volunteer in the noble army of martyrs."

When, however, as the bridal cortege passed through the hall, he saw Joe nudge a fellow-servant with his elbow and point out the pin, he felt repaid, though Miss Annan was holding her head very high indeed.

The next morning Little Joe came by the office. "What did de folks say 'bout yo' bres'pin, Mas' Tom?"

"Say? Why, they did not know what to say, Joe. They could not take their eyes off me. That pin knocked the black out of every thing there. The bridegroom couldn't hold a candle to me," said Mr. Wise; and Joe laughed aloud with delight. "Did they give you your supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Tom, an' I tuk home a snowball an' a orange to Kiah, said Little Joe.

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. Wise was about leaving his office when Little Joe's crutches sounded in the doorway, and Little Joe himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom! Oh, Lordy!

"What is the matter, Joe?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Tom, Kiah's done dead!"

"Kiah! Is it possible? What was the matter?" asked Mr. Wise.

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Little Joe. Me an' him went down to de creek, an' was playin, baptizin', an' I'd done baptized Kiah, an'—oh, Lordy! Lordy!—an' Kiah was jes gwine to baptize me, an' he stepped out too fur, an' his legs was so short he lost his holt on me an' drowned; an' I couldn't catch him cos I couldn't stan' up widout nothin' to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nuvvur had ha' heerd o' baptizin'! I couldn't git him out, an' I jes' kep' on a-hollerin', but nobody did'nt come til Kiah was done drownded."

"I am sorry for you Joe; I wish I had been there. But, as far as Kia'

is concerned, he is better off than he was before," said Mr. Wise.

"No, he ain't, Mas' Tom," said Joe, stoutly; "leas'ways, Kiah didn't think so hisse'f, cos ef he had a-wanted to die he could ha' done it long an' merry ago. I don't b'leeve in no such fool-talk as dead folks bein' better off dan dey was befo'."

Tom was silent, and little Joe went on with renewed tears: "I come up to ax you to gimme a clean shirt an' a par o' draw's to put on Kiah. You needn't gimme no socks, cos he ain't got no feet. O Lordy! O Lordy!" sobbed little Joe, "ef me an' Kiah had jes' had feet like some folks, Kiah wouldn't ha' been drownded!"

"Take this up to the house," said Mr. Wise, handing him a note, "and Miss Mollie will give you whatever you want."

"Thanky, sir," said Joe. "I know you ain't got no coffin handy, but you can gimme de money, an' I can git one. I don't reckon it will take much, cos Kiah warn't big."

Then Mr. Wise wrote a note to the undertaker, and directed Joe what to do with it.

The next day was cold, and dark, and misty, and the paupers' hearse that conveyed Kiah to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor little Joe, the only mourner, could hardly keep up as he hopped along behind it on his crutches.

The blast grew keener, and the mist heavier, and before Kiah was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents, that drenched the poor little cripple sobbing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good-hearted Irishman, said to him, "In wid ye, or get up here by me, an' ye're a mind to. I'll take ye back."

But Joe shook his head, and prepared to hop back as he had hopped out. "Thanky, sir," said he, "but I'd rather walk. I feels like I would be gittin' a ride out o' Kiah's funeral."

The wind blew open his buttonless shirt, and the rain beat heavily on his loyal little breast; but he struggled against the storm, and paused only once on his way home; that was beside the goods box that he and Kiah had for a stall. Now it was drenched with rain, and the sides bespattered with mud, and the newspaper that had served for a cloth had blown over one corner and was soaked and torn, but clung to its old companion, though the wind tried to tear it away and the rain to beat it down. Little Joe stood a minute beside it, and cried harder than ever.

For several days little Joe drooped and shivered, and refused to eat, and at length he sent for Mr. Wise; but Mr. Wise was out of town, and did not return for a week; and though, when he got home, the first thing he did was to visit little Joe, he came too late; for Joe would never again rise from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes brightened, and he smiled faintly, as Tom entered like a breath of fresh air—so strong, and fresh, and vigorous, that it made one feel better only to be near him.

"Why, Joe! how is this?"

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said: "Busted agin, Mas' Tom, an' you can't nuvvur sot me up no mo'."

"Oh, stuff! Dr. North can if I can't. Why didn't you send for him when you found I was away?"

"I dunno, sir; I nuvvur thought 'bout it."

Turning to the woman with whom Joe lived: "And why didn't *you* do it?" said Tom, angrily.

"I didn't know Joe was so sick," said she. "'Tain't no use sen'in' for no doctor now. I jes been tellin' Joe he better not put off makin' peace wid de Lord."

"I don't reckon de Lord is mad wid me, Nancy. What is I done to him? I didn't use to cuss, an' I didn't play marbles on Sunday, cos I couldn't play 'em no time, like de boys dat had feet."

"Ef you don't take keer you'll be too late, like Kiah. I ain't a-sayin' where Kiah is now—'tain't for me to jedge," said Nancy—"but you better be a-tryin' to open de gate o' Paradise."

Piping the words out slowly and painfully, little Joe replied, "I don't b'leeve I keer 'bout goin' 'less Kiah can git in, too; but I 'specs he's dar, cos I don't see what de good Lord could ha' had agin him. He oughtn't to thought hard o' nothin' Kiah done, cos he warn't nuvvur nothin' but a free nigger, an' didn't have no ole mas' to pattern by. Maybe He'll let us bofe in. I know Kiah's waitin' for me somewhar, but I dunno what to say to Him. You ax Him, Mas' Tom."

He spoke more feebly, and his eyes were getting dull; but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added, "Ain't you got nothin' to spread on de flo', Nancy, so Mas' Tom won't git his knees dirty?"

Immediately and reverently Tom knelt on the clay floor, and as nearly as he remembered it, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

"Thanky, Mas' Tom," said little Joe, feebly. "What was dat—ole mis'—used to—sing? 'O Lam' o'—God—I come—I——'" The words ceased, and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed.

Little Joe was dead.—*Selected.*

The world says earnest Christians are mad. If they are, they have an uncommonly good Keeper on the way, and a capital asylum at the other end.

Subscribe for OUR WORK.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

BY J. J. BYERS.

I received your postal card announcing your intention of publishing a paper; since that time I have learned, with pleasure, that the paper is a success. Surely this is a timely enterprise for our people. The last ten years has brought a great change in our country. American citizens, especially the young and middle-aged, read more, and are influenced by the press to a greater extent than formerly, and its tone is more elevated. Even the fictitious literature of the day is more elevating, and its moral tendency greater than in times past.

An excellent medium of communication between classmates and teachers is presented by your paper. If there is any thing of the past worth treasuring, it is the training days of the faithful student. Whether faithful or not, the days spent at Merom, at the Union Christian College present vivifying reflections to my mind.

It might be of interest to my school-day acquaintances to know that I live in the West, or, more properly, at the center of our great Republic, in the Arkansas Valley, and on the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. I came in 1873, homesteaded a quarter section, commenced turning the sod and growing a forest, and, in fact, changed the life of a student for that of a farmer. I have seen a country settled, towns built, school-houses erected, and even what was once marked *desert* on the map blossom like the rose.

It is needless for me to tell the advantages which this country affords to secure homes, since the land agents, who have "axes to grind," are very efficiently doing that work

Our valley lies in the natural route from the Missouri River to the Southwest, and also to the Pacific Ocean—namely, the old Santa Fe road. Travelers, in crossing the country, have often beheld the sand hills which occur at intervals, and, no doubt, have supposed all only a barren desert, fit only for the occasional abode of the red man. Thousands are now living in the valley, and hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain are shipped, both east and west, from this supposed desert.

Education is by no means neglected. School-houses are found at no great intervals, and those who live near are compelled by law to send their children three months each year.

I have perused the first number of the magazine with pleasure. With so many schools, both east and west, it appears to me that we might change the name of the paper from OUR WORK to "Our Success." If all our schools would endeavor to build each other up, we might soon be greatly benefited. LeGrand, Starkey, Wableau and Andover should endeavor to send students to Merom to finish their studies, while all should patronize the Biblical School. If this were done all would be prosperous in the highest degree. May much good be done by our schools, that we may learn of Him who taught and blessed mankind.

Nickerson, Kansas, June, 1876.

The English people are not slow in putting American notions to profit. A London paper, of a late date, tells us that spelling bees are making a new profession. It is becoming notorious that the large prizes given at the nightly bees in London are won by a few experts who already have the dictionary by heart.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

VACATION.—The students and teachers of our various schools are now enjoying the much-needed vacation of the summer. The greatest good derived from these vacations is not found in the rest afforded the professors, which they so much need; but rather in the increased influence thus granted, by allowing them to extend their fields of usefulness. Wherever they go, they will carry with them a love for our institutions that will be felt by all with whom they associate.

Of Union Christian College, President Smith will visit the Centennial this month, and as many conferences in August as possible; Prof. Ford is in Northern Ohio; Prof. Watson, after viewing the Centennial Exposition, will spend a few weeks in visiting the scenes of his former labors in Eastern Pennsylvania and Western New Jersey; Prof. Evans will visit his home in Southern Ohio, and Prof. Davis, Southeastern Indiana. Of Starkey Seminary, Prof. McHenry will travel westward, among his wife's people in Indiana; Prof. R. D. Evans will go southward into Central Pennsylvania, and Professor Van Stone, "down into the Jerseys." Rev. Prof. Morrill, of Andover has already made friends for "Proctor" away down in Maine—he will also visit the Centennial, and other places of interest, during the summer. With Prof. Whitaker in the South, and Prof. Ellison in the West, they will make a telling summer's campaign. In addition to this, their various students form an active recruiting force, over one thousand strong, working in twenty-five different states.

To these students—recruiting agents—we ask you to forget not the duties enjoined upon you as

such. Carry a good word for the schools wherever you go; but better far, forget not to show, by well-ordered lives, that the labors and teachings of our institutions are not in vain. Nothing you can say can speak half so well of the school as a well-ordered life. In a Christian way remove error wherever you find it, rebuke sin wherever it appears, and lead your associates to a higher life.

The attendance at our schools the coming year will depend largely upon the efforts of the students during this vacation. We urge each one of you to return to your schools at the very commencement of the Fall Term. Induce others to accompany you. If each old student would take a new one back with him, how our halls would laugh and *literally grow fat!* Try it, each one of you. *Commence now!*

ON THE RAIL.—The next number of OUR WORK will be a little late in appearing, as the whole editorial and publishing staff will visit the Centennial Exposition. All correspondence with the editor or publisher must be directed to Carversville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, between July 10 and August 10.

COMMENCEMENT NEWS.—We have condensed our Editorial Notes this month, in order to make room for the news of Commencements at Union Christian College, Starkey and Weaubleau. In fact this is our commencement number, and we speak for it a careful reading. Allow, also, your neighbors and friends to read it. Out of over one hundred copies circulated at this office, of the first number, to regular subscribers, we know of one-half of those being sent subsequently to other parties, in different parts of the Union. This is right. For this purpose—of mak ing our schools better known—wa this magazine instituted. As man of you want to save your own cop ies, would it not be well to order copy, for a time, to an absent friend

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A WORD TO THE UNWISE.

There is no end to the advic given to the wise and prudent; lin upon line, precept upon precept advice gratuitous, advice worthless advice salutary. But who has writ ten to the unwise—the foolish What words have been spoken t them? What a neglected class What an utterly ignored portion c community! Neglected and ignore no longer, these words are to you, ye unwise ones. They are to n one else; therefore let no one els read them. "Then they go unread, says the reader. Possibly; never theless we venture.

Our text is: "Be not wise in you own conceit." Says a modern ph losopher: "Every man is a trinity. That saying is true, and some o these trinities are the most marve ous things imaginable. Conside yourself, dear unwise reader. Yo are a triune man. There is your self; *as you see yourself.* A very bea ideal in your own self-conception but—I speak to the unwise—a gros exaggeration, a startling misconcep tion of the reality. Thus you are powerful microscope in inspectin your own virtues, wisdom and worth And such qualities as are shockingl out of shape, crooked and distorte are readjusted and made to appea symmetrical, straight and natura by some secret and complex manip ulation of them, just as a ver broken line may be made to appea unangular by means of reflectio and refraction.

The second person in this trinit

is yourself as others see you. Generally a more nearly exact and truthful likeness, but very often quite unlike yourself. Thus, the churl often purchases, with one unselfish act, a reputation for benevolence; the miser, a reputation for liberality; the good man, by one unintentional sin, a reputation for wickedness. Sometimes a general average is struck which is far from the reality; as, "On the whole, he is a very good fellow," when, in truth, there is only about as frequent a streak of goodness in him as there is in another of whom the world's judgment is, "He is a worthless fellow, and his room is better than his company."

The third person in this wonderful trinity *is yourself as you are.* Stripped of the wrappings of pride, and standing in the focus of truth, what a wonderful transformation! How utterly unlike the ideal, or the reputed! An utter stranger to yourself, and scarcely recognizable to the world! Yet this is the enduring one of three. Your character as it is, yourself as you are, shall stand in the judgment. All necessary corrections will be made when the truth appears, and your trinity becomes a unity—the real and the enduring.

"Who are the unwise?" Reader, if your ideal is such an exaggeration of the real, such a hiding of the unadorned actual with a lying semblance of worthy adornment, that no likeness is traceable, you are unwisest of the unwise—you are the man.

Our text is to you, and to you is our exhortation directed. Strive to make your ideal self, your reputed self, and your real self, *one*, and that one worthy of admiration and of imitation. T. C. S.

The indications of an eruption at Vesuvios are steadily increasing.

OUR EXCHANGES.

College Record, of Wheaton College, Illinois, is received. It is a small eight-page paper, two of which are occupied with advertisements. What this paper, however, lacks in quantity is supplied in quality. The best articles are a poem, "Destruction of Jerusalem," by President Blanchard, and "The Etymological Argument," by T. C. Moffatt, '73. It will be enlarged next year to sixteen pages, 8x11.

The Capitol, of the Detroit (Mich.) High School, for June is received. We notice very little if any original matter. Its selections are good. We welcome it.

Ohio Educational Monthly, W. D. Henkle, Salem, O., editor and publisher, is one of the very best school journals of the land. "Supervision," by Hon. C. S. Smart, and "The English-Literature Question," by J. R. Smith, are excellent articles. The editorial department is very extensive. Subscription price, $1.50 per annum.

Herald of Gospel Liberty, Dayton, O., is a most excellent religious paper, $2.00 a year. Rev. H. J. Rush, editor. We particularly admire the editorial notes, and Sunday-school lessons.

The Youth's Companion, published by Perry, Mason & Co., Boston, Mass., at $1.75 a year, was read by us with interest when very young, *and we still enjoy it.*

Literary Reporter, Quincy, Mich., for June is received. It is a very cheap paper when we consider its size and quality of reading matter—60 centsa year.

We have not room to notice other exchanges in this number.

It is estimated that four-fifths of the murders in New York are caused by liquor drinking.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Merom, Indiana, July, 1876.

A. S. TUDENT, - - Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

G. W. Ball is studying law at Lafayette.

Miss Minnie Stover is rusticating at Eaton, Illinois.

James C. Ruark writes us from Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Prof. A. M. Ward will probably take charge of the Winamac schools next year.

Prof. G. R. Hammond will have charge of the Academy at South Westerlo, New York.

Charles M. Higgins expects to come north this month. He is still in love with Florida.

James Jamison paid a visit to us in the latter part of June. He was well pleased with OUR WORK.

Miss Vinie Oswald, after a visit to Indiana, is now again at her old home, Fort Recovery, Ohio.

R. F. Turman, "having got himself a wife," is now farming, near Veedersburg, Indiana.

Prof. Pardee assumes the principalship of the Silver Creek schools, near Buffalo, New York.

Miss Lida Finch has been visiting friends in Sullivan County. Her home is still at Mace, Indiana.

W. H. Humphrey, Class '72, will attend his second course of lectures, at the Ohio Medical College, Cincinnati, next fall.

Mrs. Harvey and Florence will visit Georgie now at Oberlin, Ohio. They expect to visit there during Commencement, some time in August.

Leslie McClain, M. D., who graduated two years ago, from the Ohio Medical College, is now practicing his profession in Terre Haute, Ind. He is working into a fair practice.

DIED.

Near Merom, Indiana, June 9, 1876, of congestion, Benjamin R. Bragdon, aged 21 years.

At a call meeting of Merom Lodge, No. 33, I. O. G. T., June 10, the following resolutions were adopted slightly expressive of the esteem in which the deceased brother was held by the members of the Lodge:

WHEREAS, Death has entered our circle and removed from us our beloved brother, Benjamin R. Bragdon; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Bragdon this Lodge loses one of its most earnest and faithful officers; temperance an exemplary advocate; and the community a useful member.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge attend the funeral in a body, and that the hall be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the parents of the deceased brother, and that they be spread upon the Lodge record, and published in OUR WORK, *Sullivan County Union* and *Sullivan Democrat*.

D. J. BEARDSLEE,
L. F. WATSON,
LILLIS AUSTIN,
Committee.

LOCALS.

We cheerfully give our space this month to the most excellent report of the Annual Commencement Exercises of Union Christian College, as furnished by W. P. Knode, Class '79.

A Wisconsin newspaper says: "The Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate 500 students three stories high."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

BY W. P. KNODE, CLASS '79.

This, the one hundredth year of our independence, is a year of general rejoicing. Everything seems to be imbued with new life. Our glory and magnificence are wondered at by all. At such a time and in such a year the star of fortune passed over U. C. College, shedding its kindly beams upon her. With a new President, who is dearly loved by all, came new students to cast their lots with us;—the class of '76, which bade fair to contain but two, suddenly swelled to seven. Even the old building has caught the idea, and seems to rejoice with us at the new life we are enjoying, and the new impulse we have received. Some doubting ones from rich city universities have asked, "What can Merom do?" If you could have seen those seven noble young men as they stood upon the stage that pleasant June afternoon, you would not ask that question. Yea, some good can come, some good has come, and much more will come from this little Sullivan County town.

For the benefit of those readers of OUR WORK (our latest and best enterprise), who could not be present, I intend giving a description of the exercises, with a short synopsis of each graduating-oration. It would be a pleasant task to give a complete report of the Commencement week; but space forbids.

On Saturday evening, June 3d, the Franklin Society gave an entertainment. I can not mention each exercise, but all were good. The "WHETSTONE," edited and read by S. J. Pardee, received much praise. Fred R. Morgan, as usual, furnished the fun. An essay, so very different from the usual style that it is deserving of special notice, was read by Miss Kate Knight. The subject was, "Coffee Grounds," and proved to be a prophecy concerning the senior class, filled with "sharp points."

Sunday, at 10:30 A. M., we found the chapel filled with an audience, containing many from a distance, to hear the Baccalaureate Sermon by President Smith. It was a most excellent discourse, founded on the text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's,"—Matt. XXII. 21. Under President Smith's teachings the past year, the church has been revived, and the attendance upon Sunday service greatly increased.

The examination of classes commenced Monday morning, and continued during the day. At 8:00 P. M., the Linconia Society gave its entertainment. The performers were dressed in the costumes of "ye olden times." The audience was carried back one hundred years. John Hancock (E. A. DeVore) presided, introducing during the evening John Q. Adams (G. R. Hammond), Witherspoon (W. Smith), Mrs. Washington (Henri Massey), Lee (Vaughn), and others. It was a happy hit.

On Tuesday the examinations were continued until noon. At 2:00 P. M, the "Class Day" exercises were held in the chapel. Mr. E. A. DeVore, the historian, gave a complete and a very interesting history of the class. J. W. Davidson followed with an instructive lecture on "Japan." The class poet, Dick T. Morgan, read a poem, "The Ship of State," which we hope will be published in OUR WORK. The audience then adjourned to the green in front of the building where lay a huge stone. This stone was planted by the class, and from its summit G. R. Hammond pronounced an ad-

dress of unusual merit, entitled, "Memorials." It is but just to say, that Mr. Whitaker presided, and that Messrs. Pardee and Ward were kept from delivering their exercises by sickness. Mr. Pardee was prophet, and Mr. Ward was orator. The hard rain that set in immediately after the close of these performances, did not, however, prevent the assembling of quite a large audience to hear the lecture at 8:00 P. M., by Prof. W. A. Bell, of Indianapolis, on the subject, "The True Education." We spent an hour with much pleasure and profit listening to his words of truth and wisdom, as well as his dry humor which cropped out now and then.

On Wednesday forenoon the examinations were continued and concluded. By 2:15 P. M., an intelligent and appreciative audience eagerly awaited the "commencement exercises" proper. Mothers were there with hearts filled with pride as they saw their sons completing so well their college course. Fathers, sisters, and brothers were there to congratulate them upon their well and hard-earned prize. Friends were there filled with joy that "our boys" had at last completed their work, and sorrowful at heart to lose a class to which all had become so much attached. Little boys and girls were there with offerings of flowers—all they had to give—which spake more eloquently than words. In fact, all Merom was there. Every one was glad, yet a feeling of sorrow pervaded the bosom of each individual. The Chapel had been handsomely decorated by the friends of the class under the supervision of Prof. Evans. On either side of the speaker's stand was a beautiful bouquet, chromos and paintings, wreaths in cedar and roses, hung upon the walls. Above the stand was the class motto: "*Pro Deo, Patria Homine, Vivimus.*"

At precisely 2:30 P. M., the class, accompanied by the faculty, stepped upon the stage. The exercises were opened by music by the "Quartette." Ex-President Summerbell followed with a fervent prayer. After music, Rev. John Whitaker, of Weaubleau, Mo., spoke on the subject, "Know Thyself." This was a plain, unornamented but forcible address, urging upon all to know self better. The sin and danger of over-estimating ones own strength was well brought out. Timid ones withhold their hands through fear, and self-confident ones rush in and destroy. Many a drunkard could have been saved from becoming such had he been acquainted with his own weakness of will. How beautiful and significant the words of the Lord's Prayer: "Lead us not into *temptation.*" Study well your character, know for what you are adapted, fit yourself for it, and honor God.

[We would like to make more extracts from Mr. Whitaker's thesis, but on account of the slowness of the mails we failed to receive the copy intended for us. The same may be said of Mr. Davidson's which followed.]

"Being," by John W. Davidson, of Evansville, Ind., was delivered in an easy, interesting, and quiet way so natural to the speaker. We were well pleased with it as well as benefited. It will be published in full in next number of OUR WORK, and hence further comment is unnecessary. Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Davidson joined the class the latter part of the Academic year. The former is principal of the Weaubleau Institute, Weaubleau City, Mo., the latter is Superintendent of the Schools of Vanderburgh County.

Mr. G. R. Hammond, Eddytown, New York, followed with, "What next?" for his subject. He said,

after introducing his subject nicely, "The history of the past and present present to us a panoramic view of the world getting higher and higher, intellectually and morally, which gives us a prophetic vision of the future. We do not assert that there were not so profound thinkers in ancient times as the Present affords, that the Future will produce greater, for we have too fresh before us the names of such men as Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates, Newton and Franklin; but we do assert that the philosophers of to-day reach further into the mysteries of Nature and of Divinity, because of the superior light which they have to direct them; and that the future thinking men will look with ease into the intricate problems of to-day.

"The ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans watched the courses of the heavenly bodies, and opened the way to a knowledge of the celestial worlds. Thales taught that the world is round. Pythagoris revealed the startling fact that the earth and other planets revolve around the sun. These are grand achievements; but when Galileo comes with his telescope, a richer jewel bedecks the crown of the applier. Nor do we stop here. When Newton astonished the world with his Law of Gravitation, a gem of rare beauty and greater worth is given to him. And yet, because of its brilliancy, Newton could scarcely have looked upon the crown which should adorn the head of a coming Franklin, who tamed the lightning ready for Morse to apply it to the swift-winged telegraph. How rich are these trophies when compared with those of the ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans.

The science of astronomy has been developing through long ages of the past. It began with a small earth with many sparkling gems set in its heavens to adorn it, and with its sun and moon passing around. Instead of this little geocentric system, the astronomer's heavens now consist of myriads of heliocentric systems, which constitute one of the infinite of the universes. He who plucks to-day a truth from Heaven's hidden laws, wears a brighter crown than graces the head of any one of the past. Geology comes to us, teaching of the earth, one of the infinity of worlds. It is not a science of the past, but of the present. The ancients needed no geology for their simple, lifeless world. Men of yore wear no laurels won on geology's rustic fields. Already men of the present have unfolded such truths as regards the past of the earth, that superstition is shaking to its very center. That the earth, sun, moon and stars were created in six days of twenty-four hours each, was formerly believed by all Christians. Now all know that God was thousands of years in doing what was then thought to have been done in six days. Whether mankind was created directly by God's hand as the Christian world understands the teaching of the Bible, or whether he exists through a system of evolution are questions which are occupying the attention of thinking minds, and which must be scientificly answered by records of the past. The recording angel is looking with longing eyes, and ready to grant a rare crown to him who will make known to the world the true source of man."

The progress made in zoology and in government was next noticed each in its order, when, in referring to our schools, he said: "If our common schools are the hope of our country, our colleges are the realization. In colleges mysteries of science are unfolded, the grand laws

of Heaven are made known to us in which we see a Divinity whose greatness and goodness defy our power of description. May we not say there is a bright and glorious future awaiting the colleges of our land especially as their work makes known our God more fully? * * *

"Dear friends, you have followed me in finding an infinite field of labor in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, in man politically, socially, educationally. Now into what part of this great field of action do you expect to enter? We come to you individually, and ask, "What next?" We will not enquire into your past or present, only assure you that you have something to do. Do you love history, all heaven is open. Do you love geology and mineralogy, the depths of the earth are waiting for you. Do you love zoology, the birds in the air above you, and the fishes in the sea beckon you on. Do you love purity, Christ and your sainted friends, the courts of glory bid you awake to newness of life and become christians.'"

"Oliver Cromwell" was the subject selected by the faculty for S. J. Pardee. The speaker opened with a thrilling description of Charles I. entering Westminster Hall with a body of armed men for the purpose of arresting Hampden, Pym, and three others, members of the House of Commons. An excitement followed which began the English Revolution! "Upon one side the false, selfish, tyrannical ring and his followers; upon the other side the people imbued with a spirit of liberty," The speaker then showed in vivid and sometimes tragical pictures how sovereignty passed from Parliament to army, and thence to its successful commander, Oliver Cromwell. "Upon his mother's side, Cromwell descended from Alexander, founder of the house of Stuart. This lady and Charles I. were eighth cousins, and Cromwell was three generations nearer Alexander than the King whom he supplanted." Mr. Pardee then called attention to Cromwell's superior government, economical, just, and free. "His foot was on the threshold of success, but on the threshold of success stood death. And, when Cromwell was no more, and his body had been laid to rest among the Kings in Westminister Abbey, Charles II was placed upon the throne. Then those men who had trembled at the protector's power, with the permission of the contemptible, bigoted, and licentious Charles II, were compelled to content themselves with the miserable satisfaction of digging up, hanging, and quartering his (Cromwell's) remains at Tyburn, where the worst criminals of the nation were executed. His history was written by several of his enemies who could see nothing good or great in any one who denied that Kings had a right to rule. But, when the better part of the nation had become disgusted with the weakness, open profligacy, and licentiousness of the King and his court; when Dunkirk, prized as a trophy of English valor, had been sold; when the English flag had been insulted upon the sea; when England herself had become a pensioner upon France—*then* it was that tardy justice was done to Cromwell's great name. Every where it was remembered how, when *he* ruled all foreign powers, had bowed to the name of England; how the State's General, now so haughty, had crouched at his feet; how commerce had filled the English marts in the prosperous activity; how religious peace had flourished under his calm meditation; how justice had found its way even to the remote highlands of Scotland. Under

his powerful protection his fleets rode triumphant in the West Indies; Nova Scotia submitted to his orders without a struggle; Spain was humiliated; the Dutch asked for peace as for a boon; the pride of Louis XIV was humbled, and the Protestants of France, Savoy, Piedmont, Tunis, and Algeria breathed their prayers in security; the glory of the English name was spread throughout the world.

Cromwell was a military genius of the first rank who knew that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, a sagacious and successful statesman of liberal views and broad comprehensions, whose private life was without spot or blemish; a man of terribly fiery earnestness, fitted by Divine Providence for the awful, yet necessary part he had to act, and in the great drama of political and religious freedom."

To E. A. DeVore, Ripley, Ohio, was assigned the subject, "The Enemy of our Common School." He commenced by saying, "Universal liberty is a boon of which the world never dreamed until 1776. Hitherto, free speech, free press, free conscience, and free schools were unknown. Upon this as a foundation was our national fabric erected; and the unparalleled success of a century promises much for its permanency and continual growth. The hope of our country is our common schools. To-day I am to prove to you that there is a foe to our schools as they are, which is using and will use every means to destroy them and retard the progress of education; and also that this foe is the Roman Catholic Church. When the Roman Church saw the influence of the Jusuites failing, her ancient glories fading, and her power withdrawing from her grasp in Europe, she naturally turned her eyes to this free and (then) new country. We now see popish colleges and nunneries and monastic institutions springing up all over our happy republic. * * * It needs no prophet's eye to see the effect on posterity. Our liberties are at stake. The battle-field is the common schools. Ignorance, despotism, and slavery, licentiousness, vice, and corruption, idolatry—*all* that remain of the darkness of the past—these are combined in the Holy Catholic Church of Rome, in her deified infallible Pope, in her proud cardinals, bishops, and priests, in her scheming friars, nuns, and Jesuits, and her cringing slaves."

Mr. DeVore then in strong language showed the true character of The Church. "Such is our enemy, yielding but never conquered. In almost every country throughout the Union it is slowly sapping the common school system by its acts of defamation and intrigue—by the most violent and absurd means." After speaking of the "Gray Nuns' Acts," the speaker said, "If any body of Protestant clergymen should engage in such attempts, they would be censured by the entire press. When the clergy of the Roman Church is content to occupy the same position that every other body of ministers in the country holds, the Catholic sect will be no more suspected than any other."

The gentleman here quoted extensively from leading Catholic writers, papers, etc., showing that the Catholic Church meant an unceasing warfare upon our free institutions, and the complete extermination of the common schools. This excellent oration was then concluded as follows, "If ever the spirit of freedom shall invade the Old World it must be by means of the American educational system. We must raise our voices, our ballots, and our

prayers in favor of universal republicanism, and for the maintenance and perpetuity of our free schools."

"Torch Bearers," by Dick T. Morgan, of Prairie Creek, next followed. It was a most excellent oration, and was very well delivered.

"Let us to-day open the great volume of history and read of the daring exploits, bold enterprises, and brilliant achievements of the heroes of the past. From its holy pages we can appropriate as our own the wisdom of Solomon, Socrates, Plato, and Bacon; we can read the laws of Moses, Solon, and Lycurgus; we can sing strains of David, Homer, and Virgil; and we can drink into our souls the eloquence of Demosthénes, Cicero, Burke, and Patrick Henry. There we can commune with those men who have risen, like towers and pyramids, above the masses, and passed the torch of life down from generation to generation, until now we stand heirs to all the light accumulated since the foundation of the world. Such men have been the leading spirits of progress in every age. Their thoughts, their words, their deeds, their very countenances beam with light, and are beacons on the highway of life, guiding the footsteps of the wayfaring pilgrim to her far distant home. They are the luminaries whose light, radiating in all directions, beams into the dark corners of the world, scatters the shadow of error to the winds, and leave the inhabitants breathing the pure, invigorating, blessed light of truth."

The influence of Galileo, Kepler, LaPlace, and Newton was then noticed. In speaking of Thomas Cranmer, he said, "He is another luminary familiar to ever student of history. As the flames roll up around him he greets them with his right hand—the hand which signed the article of recantation—saying, 'This hand hath offended, this unworthy right hand.' * * * Still Cranmer is not dead. The torch which he bore is still burning, and his words are lisped from a thousand tongues." After next reviewing the life-work of Calvin and Luther, Mr. Morgan paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Washington, Adams, and Hancock. He then spoke as follows: "Now I come to those heroes who bore the torches that burned from the limbs of four millions of human beings the shackles of slavery. Would that I had time to tell you of William Garrison, or Wendell Phillips, how their energies were expended in behalf of the depressed, or how John Brown was hanged between the heavens and the earth. And would like to tell you, too, how his soul is marching on in that better land where no chains, no slavery, no manacles burden the weary soul —where all are greater than kings. I would like to speak of Chas. Sumner and Horace Greeley, who did so much to ameliorate the condition of the African race. Oh, that I could pronounce a eulogy upon every noble hero who gave his life to uphold the torch of human freedom.

"Patiently you wait for another name—your Lincoln, a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of American heroes. No words of mine can give lustre to virtue and dignity to truth of him whose fame is undying, and whose name will be embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people. But why should I bring forward more characters? Go, open again the great book of time. There you will find their names indellibly imprinted by the hand of love on pages of silver, in letters of gold."

After a most earnest and impressive appeal to his class and friends present to do duty at all times, he concluded by saying, "Young hero of the nineteenth century, with

truth in your right hand, benevolence in your left hand, and purity in your heart, go forth to fight the battles of life; your right hand will gain for you great vitories, your left will rear for you a monument of virtue that time or season can not crumble, and your heart pure with a love for God and humanity will make you heir to a crown of life that fadeth not away."

The Valedictory was then given by Milo P. Ward, of Merom, in which he very feelingly referred to the kindness shown them as students by the citizens and teachers. In referring to their school-days he said, "As I cast my eyes over the beautiful village of Merom, with her buildings half hidden in a forest of fruit-trees, with her wide streets carpeted with nature's green covering, and her bluff rising above the placid waters of the old Wabash, a pang of sorrow enters my breast when I remember that we can, as students, no longer walk in the cool shades beneath the boughs of those useful trees, or stand on the brink of the bluff and let our eyes sweep over the majestic prairies beyond. Ah! those days, those scenes, those associations are gone! gone forever! and reluctantly we bid them adieu.

"Union Christian College, in your halls we have spent the happiest and most profitable days of our lives. For years we have been eating and drinking at your bountiful table, prepared not with knick-knacks, but with the "bread of life." The recitation rooms, the society halls, the rooms in which we have met daily for morning worship—yes, even the very walls of this sacred chapel will soon forget our now familiar voices. But we will not forget them, nor would we, if we could. Nay, if it were possible, we would impress them deeper upon the tablets of our memories. Oh, thou noblest institution of the West, the class of '76 goes from thy bosom hoping, trusting, praying, for thy prosperity."

In behalf of the class he also extended their thanks to those families with whom they had lived while pursuing their studies. After alluding very feelingly to his mother's care and toil for him, as he was the only one of the class that had enjoyed the privilege of his own home, he thanked the Faculty for their untiring labors in behalf of the student. Turning to President Smith, he said:

"Dear President, we could not close without saying a word to you. For the brief period of one year we have been under your wise administration. How short the time, yet how sweet the recollections. Constantly you have risen in our esteem, respect, love, and veneration. We almost envy the student just entering college, who will have the opportunity of remaining for years in your serene presence, and under your watchful care and benign influence.

But our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for what we have enjoyed; and we bid you goodbye, hoping many will come and feast for years on that which we have only tasted."

Long before Mr. Ward had finished, a greater part of the audience were in tears. Loudly and long was he applauded, and many were the bouquets he received. Music followed, and then the conferring of degrees. The benediction was pronounced by President Smith. Then the audience pressed forward to greet the class, and after a few moments conversation, with the congratulations and best wishes of many friends, the class of "'76" stepped down and out."

Eight o'clock Wednesday evening found a multitude of admiring friends at the examination of the class in instrumental music. At its conclusion the usual levee took place. The distribution of grade followed. A few moments were allowed for the students to give the parting hand. Slowly and reluctantly they parted, and passed away; and once again the halls of dear old Union College were deserted. And thus ended the most successful commencement since her foundation.

I think it would be proper to say something concerning our school. It possesses many advantages over others. Some of these I will mention: The situation is naturally attractive—the high and rock bluff, at the foot of which flow the dark waters of the noble Wabash, the great prairies beyond, and the bottoms filled with trees, present a view admired by all who see it. The town of Merom is small, containing no saloons, hence is free from drunkenness, and all kindred vices. The student coming here can be assured of good influence on every hand. The regulations are such as a loving father would put upon his child. The attendance is not large, yet all the students profit largely by the greater attention bestowed upon them. A better faculty is not to be found in any college in the land. A new professor—to take the Biblical Chair—was elected at the last meeting of the Trustees. Next year I hope to see many strange faces in the hall of Union Christian College. It is the best school of the denomination without doubt. It is the cheapest school in which one can obtain a good education. The scholars are quiet and modest, and there is no such thing heard of as rivalry in dress. The reading-room contains all the best periodicals, and the library many choice volumes. There are two good Literary Societies, and students are much benefitted by them. The faithful and industrious young lady or gentleman cannot fail to notice how great these advantages. Is it any wonder we love our school?

MORE ASTONISHED THAN HURT.

How it feels to be treated politely for the first time in one's life, may be inferred from such an incident as this:

The other evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner, and very rudely ran against a boy, who was small, and ragged, and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in smile, and answered:

"You can hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an I won't say a word!"

After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically:

"I never had any one ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

The Pennsylvania Bible Society will try to have every family in the State supplied with the scriptures before the opening of the Centennial.

There's many a rest on the road of life,
If we only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it:
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
Whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Weaubleau City, Mo., July, 1876.

WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Prof. F. H. Miller, a graduate of the Southwest Missouri Normal School, attended the examination.

Mr. W. W. Mallory is still teaching near Roscoe. He has taught ten months during the past year.

Mr. Sidney Wilson, with his family, has gone to Colorado, with a view of making this his future home. Mr. Wilson has been our County Attorney for several years; also an earnest supporter of this Institution, his daughter having been here for four successive terms. We wish him great success in his new home.

Mr. P. H. Lacy and wife, of Quincy, were present to hear the examination of their son, A. S. Lacy, who has been here the past nine months.

Dr. Barber has bought a new organ.

Hon. W. L. Snidow was present at the examination. He has had two daughters attending the past term.

Mrs. Mary McKibbins, who taught instrumental music the winter term, was present, and played for the entertainment, at close of term.

Prof. Whitaker started to Merom, Indiana, on Thursday after the closing.

Dr. Barnes, of Elkton, attended the examination, and expressed himself well pleased with OUR WORK.

LOCALS.

A young man is not pleased with OUR WORK because it is not as large as *Harper's Monthly!*

The Literary Society adjourned to meet on Friday evening, after the opening of the fall term.

Mr. J. J. Joslyn sold a large number of the photos. of the school and school building. Copies can still be obtained of him at Osceola.

All our prominent readers speak favorably of OUR WORK.

A plan is on foot to seat the Chapel. A part of the money is now raised. We hope before the fall term commences to have it comfortably seated, and also well lighted with good lamps. This is something that a proper interest in religious worship demands. We think that our people have a sufficient interest in religious worship to come forward and lend a helping hand.

REPORT OF CLOSING EXERCISES.

The third scholastic year of Waubleau Christian Institute, closed on the 31st of May. The day was pleasant, and a large number of patrons and friends from this and adjoining counties were present, manifesting great interest in the progress of the school. Many of the students of previous terms, who are now teaching in various parts of the country, dispensed with their labors, and returned to witness the attainments of those occupying the places they once occupied. The examination was listened to attentively. The acquittal of the students was in a manner that gave honor to themselves and credit to the school, making it one of the most successful examinations ever conducted at this place. The "juniors" of the Academy course, were ex-

amined in geometry, botany and latin.

At noon refreshments were furnished, and after a bountiful repast, an hour was spent in pleasant conversation. At the close of the afternoon exercises, each student received his grade of standing and deportment, which was soon examined by his friends. With a few closing remarks from Prof. Whitaker, the audience was dismissed.

Those who remained for the evening exercises spent the intervening hours in conversation, walking, buggy-riding, etc. The entertainment by the Literary Society commenced at 7:30 P. M. The house was crowded to the utmost capacity, and better order could not be asked on any occasion.

The exercises consisted of music, instrumental and vocal; declamations, essays, orations, and paper-editor, Miss. Clara Millsaps. They were prepared especially for the occasion, and gave evidence of skill and taste. Each one endeavoring to furnish something to charm the "sentimental sublime of human taste," instead of pleasing the base and perverted passions. We think all returned to their homes fully convinced that this school is one of the fixed and living institutions of Southwest Missouri; that it is no longer an experiment, but an established fact that on the broad and rolling prairie, away from the bustle and confusion of business life, an institution can be established, in which the youth may be trained into the business man, disciplined to success, fully able to meet the realities of life in any honorable sphere.

The senior students of Dartmouth College, who were suspended for publishing an offensive article in the college paper, have been restored. They apologised for their offense.

BIBLICAL SCHOOL.

Stanfordville, N. Y., July, 1876.

Rev. B. F. Clayton, - - Local Editor.

The last term of the C. B. I. closed on the 10th ult. The next term opens in September next.

All that wish to enter the ministry, and many that are now in the work, who wish to know how to "Study the Scriptures," would do well to come to the Biblical School.

PERSONALS.

Bro. Putnam has charge of the Stanfordville C. C.

Bro. James Wright, has charge of the church at Charleston, Four Corners, New York.

Bro. John Wright is in Ohio, his native state. He is preaching, but just to what church I do not know.

Bro. Beebe, a student, is supplying for Miss Haley at the Clare C. C., in this (Dutchess) County.

S. M. Cook has pastoral charge of the church at Hartwick, New York. Bro. C. was ordained to the work on the 15th inst., I think.

I find I have not room to speak of all the brethren now, and shall, from time to time, give you reports of other students.

Bro. O. O. Wright is at Salsbury Point, Mass. Bro. O. O. W. is a scholarly man, and able for good work in the vineyard.

You see, by our list, that we have had several *Wright* men. Indeed, I think if you should come to know the C. B. I. students, you would find them *all* right.

The writer, who comes in with the little company of C's, is at Stanfordville, where, if health permits,

he will remain in school a year more.

Bro. A. Godley, one of our former students, and a former student of the Union Christian College, with his estimable lady, is "down in New Jersey."

Bro. William Danforth Lane, a former student of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, is a student in the C. B. I. He is a son of Elder Wm. Lane, of New Jersey fame.

Bro. A. F. Abbot is preaching in the city of Poughkeepsie, New York. He has evening service in the Opera House. Many come to hear him. More of him and his work in our next.

Bro. E. K. Amazeen is in New Jersey. Bro. A. has lately supplied for the Rev. I. C. Goff, of Irvington, New Jersey. He expects to return to the school at the opening of the next term.

Bro. John Clark, for two years past a student in the Biblical School, has, since leaving us in May, "married a wife, and therefore can not come" back to school next year. He is located in the State of Michigan.

T. N. Davis, for three years a student in the C. B. I., is in Scho—I always have to look at a dictionary for that county—Schoharie County, New York. He has charge of two churches.

R. G. Fenton, who was with us for nearly two years, has taken a part of the field in Albany County. I say a part of the field, for Jesus said, *the* field is the world. Bro. F. is worthy of all confidence and support.

Miss Haley, a student of the C. B. I, who has charge of the Clare C. C., as hinted above, has gone East on a visit to her "old, old home," in New Hampshire. She has done, and is doing, a good work in her church.

Dr. Leonardson has charge of the church at Otego, Otsego County. The Doctor used to practice. He quit that and went to preaching. You know, and so does the Doctor know, that "it is easier to preach than it is to practice."

Bro. Letts, who left us one year ago, had charge of the church at Naples, New York, last year. Where he is now, I do not know; but think, however, that he is yet at Naples. He is a good and noble brother, and I do not want to lose him.

But, I forgot, Dr. Craig is a C., may be not a sea; but you will find him an ocean-of-knowledge! Well, I forgot to say, *he* is down in New Jersey, his native state. I do not think that he will help to elect Gov. Parker to the office of President next fall.

Bro. Tuller [now, Mr. Typesetter *please* don't get that Fuller, which is quite another name] is at Huntersland, in that S-c-h-o-h-a-r-i-e County, N. Y. He, with his son, a fine young man of three years of age, has charge of the church at the above place. Bro. T.'s wife is away from home under the doctor's treatment. She has had poor health for a number of years.

Bro. Z. A. Post, unto whom God has given a large degree of spiritual insight, is located at DeLancey, Delaware Co., New York. Bro. P. is a man of faith and deep piety, and has his heart open to the incoming of the divine life. All to whom he ministers, their own hearts entering into sympathy, will find themselves growing into a richer and a deeper life in Christ.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

When we are notified that a subscriber has failed to receive his monthly due him, we always remail it. We will not, however, send another number of the current month to one who has failed to notify us of a change after the 15th of the month.

We have ordered a larger edition of this number than usual. Copies can be had for 15 cents, which will be deducted from a subsequent year's subscription from that party. Order copies for your friends.

We regretted very much the delay in last month's magazine. It was caused by circumstances at the Publishing House which could not be controlled by us.

We can, without any hesitation, recommend to our home readers the Sullivan firms advertised in this number of OUR WORK. Having dealt with them personally, we can assure our readers that they will do all they promise.

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See our new advertisements inserted this month. Read, and act accordingly.

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OUR WORK.—The second number of OUR WORK proves the magazine to be progressive. The initial number was praiseworthy, but No. 2 excels its predecessor. It is truly a college magazine—and more. In it all our institutions are variously represented. Beside this, its original and selected matter make it of much worth to the general reader. Its editors, associate editors, and contributors are fully able to make OUR WORK a good work, abounding in instructive and helpful words.—*Herald of G. L., July 15th.*

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